


TIGERAMA



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We dedicate this publication to future Jucos; to high school students who will soon take up junior college activities. As they pass from high school doors, we welcome them. It is our hope that we may have worked and played well, leaving them worthy traditions.

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Dean Trueblood
Dr. R. L. Ferguson

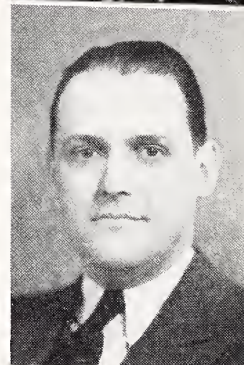
C. G. Holmsten
Dr. R. Claude Young

The Board

Any college is as strong as its guidance. Pictured on this page are the members of the organization that insures the best of guidance for the Arkansas City Junior College. The board of education finds instructors and forms the rules on which the college is run. They are pictured left to right: Dean Trueblood, C. G. Holmsten, Claude Pipkin, Dr. R. L. Ferguson, Dr. R. C. Young, and Mrs. Minnie Lee Tilbury.

Working with the board, Supt. C. E. St. John adds his leadership to the direction of college activities. He is interested in keeping the school standard so high that junior college credits will continue to be accepted in any college, and he works conscientiously toward that goal.

Dean E. A. Funk and Assistant Dean K. R. Galle come into a more direct contact with the student body. In the Junior College office, they keep attendance records and work out schedule problems. Miss Ruby Beebe, secretary, keeps things going smoothly in the office. She is the girl who smiles indulgently at the excuses given for absences and tardies and collects fees.



Mrs. Minnie Lee Tilbury
Claude M. Pipkin



Dean E. A. Funk

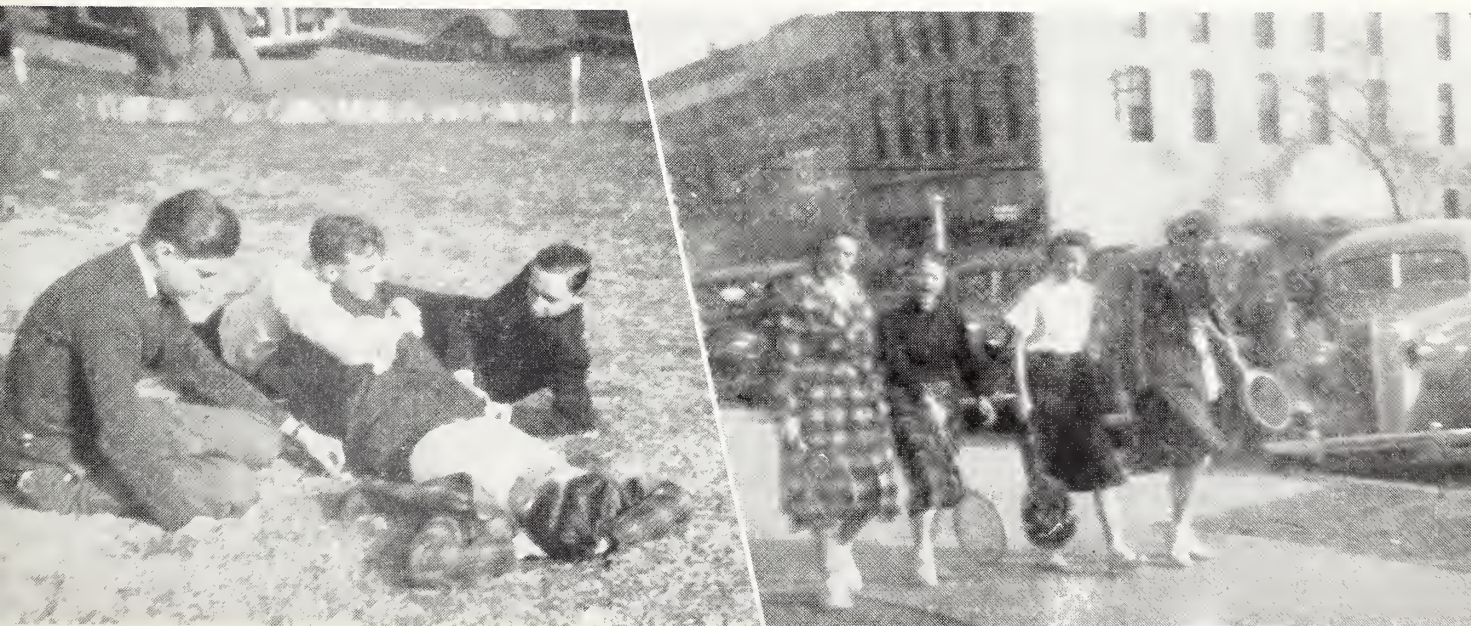
Supt. C. E. St. John

And Now

Let's walk into the junior college building and look around. Here are the faculty, wide awake and interesting. The students fill the halls and crowd the class rooms. Everyone seems busy—and no wonder! Some are going to student council meeting; some, to pep club meeting. Here a group of girls are talking about Y. W.; and yonder, French and German students plan a party. And that's not mentioning all the tough assignments to be studied.

A group of boys start spring football practice. There is talk of the big spring game to be fought between the freshmen and sophomore pigskin enthusiasts. Girls have taken to their racquets and the tennis courts, and track men in their cleated shoes have headed for the athletic field.

A drift of school chatter seems to indicate that here are friends who work and play together—friends who realize that college days are all too few and precious to waste!





Kurt R. Gaile



Miss E. Davis



F. D. Modlin



Miss Ester Denton

WHAT ABOUT

The Arkansas City Junior College faculty is quite a large one considering the size of the school, a situation made possible by cooperation with the high school. Dean E. A. Funk, who is also principal of high school, has cooperated with K. R. Galle, assistant dean, in arranging classes so that many of the teachers are available for both college and high school classes. This makes for an interesting and varied faculty.

Miss Gaye Iden teaches physics to aspiring engineers. Miss Inez Johnson teaches rhetoric and composition and encourages poets. Merle K. Snyder, social science and debate instructor, gets to go on all the debate trips to see that the debaters behave. Paul M. Johnson, journalism instructor, sponsors the "Tigerama" and the "Ark Light", the two school publications. Amos L. Curry, although he does not have any college classes, boosts the basketball and football teams in his capacity of director of athletics. C. L. Holman, engineering instructor, is the one who helps to inspire future engineers. A. E. San Romani is the music instructor who waves a baton at the would-be-musicians in the orchestra. Miss Esther Denton teaches girls how to cook and sew for their future husbands. F. D. Modlin is the new efficient printing instructor of the school. Miss E. J. Davis, physical education instructor, teaches the girls the art of gymnastics. Miss Alice Carrow, the librarian, passes out



Miss Gaye Iden

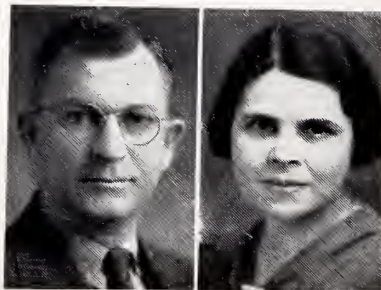
Miss Inez Johnson



P. M. Johnson



A. L. Curry



C. L. Holman

Miss Thelma Hawley

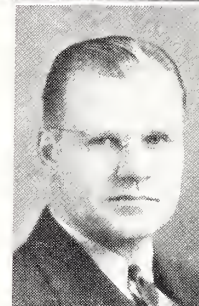
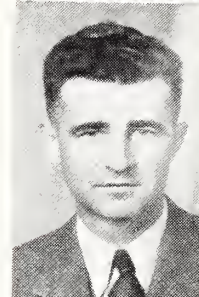


A. E. San Romani

THE FACULTY

overtime slips. Miss Henrietta Courtright, mathematical instructor, is the one who attempts to show the students how simple Calculus really is. Miss Wilma Imes is the commerce instructor in Junior College. C. L. Hinchee, the vocal instructor, sits in class and dreams about the fish he will never catch. Miss Thelma C. Hall teaches history, education, and psychology. Daniel C. Stark, Chemistry and math instructor, is the basketball coach and also a fisherman of true merit. Miss Anne Hawley, language instructor, has German, French and English as well as her students to keep straight. Miss Pauline B. Sleeth, English instructor, also teaches public speaking students the virtues of good poetry. R.C. Nolan, algebra and physical science teacher, is the man who sits on the bench at football games.

These teachers can be plenty dignified when one comes to class without his lesson, but otherwise they are pretty grand fellows. They play at the socials and yell at the ball games. Miss Imes is especially talented that way. She can yell and get excited at those games and go right on with her knitting. Miss Carrow gets a little huffy when you talk too much, but she's a jolly person to talk to, herself. We don't see so much of Miss Davis since she moved over into the new auditorium—but she is still the same energetic gym enthusiast. They are all well worth knowing. Students are lucky, and should know it.



Miss Thelma Hall

Daniel Stark

Miss P. B. Sleeth

Merle K. Snyder

C. L. Hinchee

R. C. Nolan



Miss Alice Carrow

Miss H. Courtright

Miss Wilma Imes



Student Council

Tongues wagged heatedly, eyes flashed sparks, and hands gestulated wildly (in the case of Douglas More, at least) as the Student Council, student governing body of the Junior College, met to discuss ways and means to make the school a more tolerable place for its students.

The Council, consisting of eight members elected from the various organizations within the school, meets under the guidance of K. R. Galle and Miss Thelma Hall, faculty members. The members are Willis Payton, James Gibson, and Worth Payton, representing the Sophomore class, Emily Jane Yount and Bob Wilson, who look after the interests of the Y. W. C. A. and the Y. M. C. A., Albert Lambert from the Pep Club, and Douglas More and Marjory Crill, representing the Freshman class.

The president of the Student Council, Willis Payton, was elected by the entire student body at the beginning of the school year. The other officers were elected within the Council. They are Marjory Crill, secretary, and Worth Payton, Vice President.

Some of the official duties of the council are to elect a social committee to make all plans for the entertainment and refreshments at the Juco parties, to elect a program committee, which is responsible for all those chapel programs you've sat through this year, and to set standards and suggest improvements for the general conduct of the students during the school hours.

Also, the group formulates and suggests ideas for interesting and unusual types of entertainment for the juco socials. It has charge of the program, games, and other recreation of the Tigerama, the last and largest social of the year to which are invited not only the seniors of the Arkansas City high school but those of the surrounding towns, in order to interest more people towards attending the junior college next year.

Sophomores

The sophomore class in junior college is the all-important upper-class, the rulers! Members of the class come back with definite aims in view. A large number of the class, those taking the practicing teaching course, are probably in their last year of college. Others, who have planned their college course, are studying seriously on the subject in which they plan to major.

These upper classmen who "know the ropes" because they have been around for a year, fill many responsible positions and help to build up school traditions.

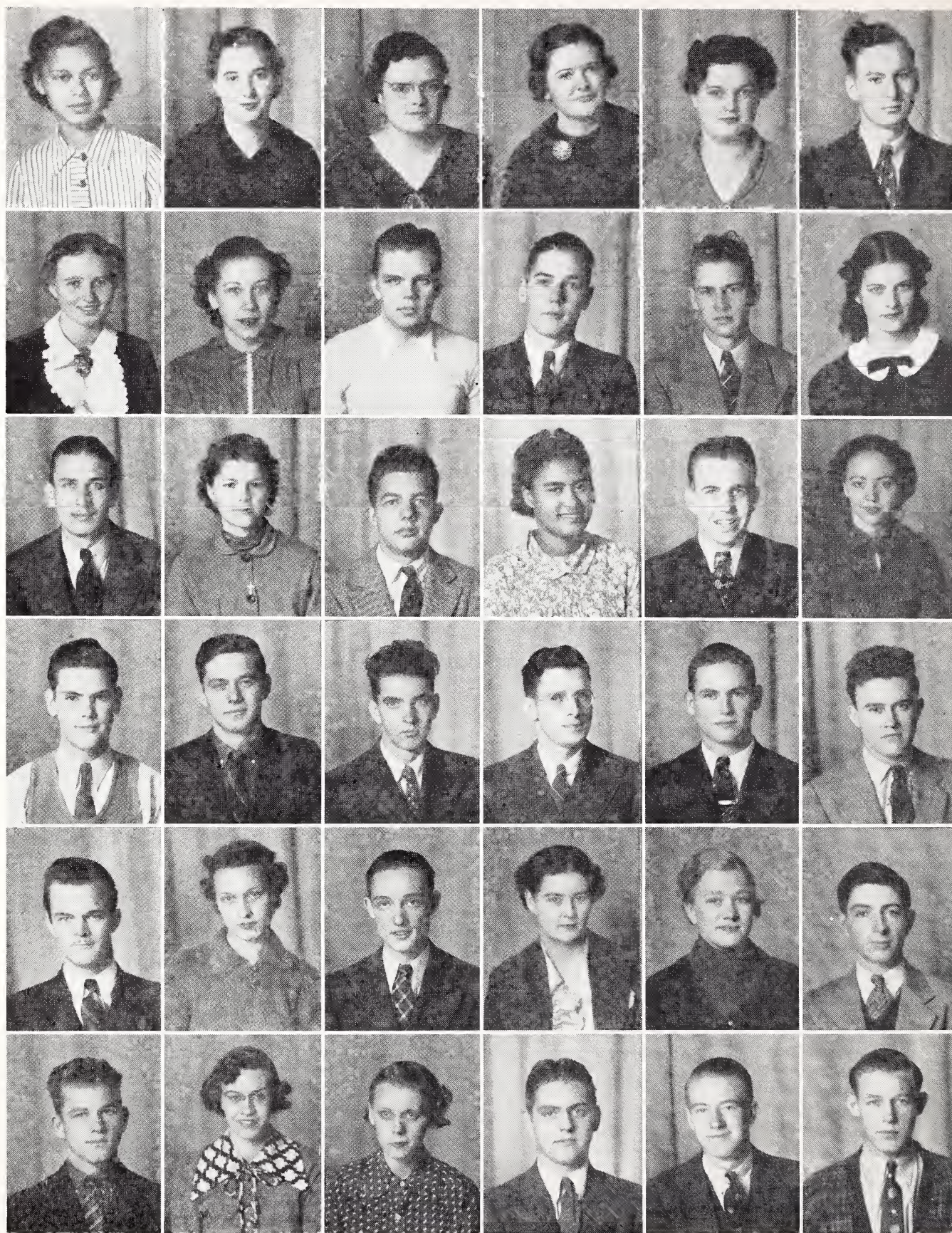
The leaders of the sophomore class are representative of the group. Raymond Ausmus, the president, had leadership training in high school. He was president of the student council in his senior year and held responsible positions in Hi-Y and other school organizations. The vice-president, Virginia Vogel, was new to the school last year, but she immediately made friends and took an active part in school activities. Lois Akers, who is secretary of the French Club as well as of the sophomore class could write her minutes in any one of three languages. She is studying French and German as well as English.

Willis Payton, president of the student council, holds one of the highest offices in junior college and his record of achievement shows that he deserves it. Worth Payton, who dotes on math and makes those unbelievable high scores in Quantitative Analysis tests, is one of the class's representatives to the Student Council.

The other, James Gibson, has also shown a high quality of leadership since high school days.

In the picture are James Gibson, Worth Payton, Lois Akers, Virginia Vogel, Raymond Ausmus, and Willis Payton.





SOPHOMORES

As A Freshman Knows 'em

Theda Grant

EVA MAE CARMONS—Attractive is the word for this dark-haired, peppy sophomore.

RUBY COUNTS—Collects recipes and, oh boy, can she cook!

OLGA BAYS—A teacher-to-be whose assets of amiability and determination will help her reach her goal.

MADELINE YOUNG—A quiet sophomore who is fun to be around.

ANGIE BENNET—Her good humor is the envy of all who know her.

DEAN WILLIAMS—Is slender and blond and seems to cherish a really worthy ambition.

EVANGELINE GEER—Will be remembered for her blond curls and wide smile.

DORIS EASTERLY—Is going to be a journalist. She will earn her first million with a best-selling novel.

BILL SHUMPS—"Take it easy, you'll live longer!", is his motto.

PAUL BARRINGER—Likes chemistry and flashes a sincere smile.

HAROLD HARRIS—Just can't curb that curly hair. He has blue eyes that twinkle.

MRS. JERALDINE CHRISTY FRAMBERS—Has a dreamy, far-off look and wears her husband's aviation wings

RAYMOND AUSMUS—Is an ingenious chess player who knows all the plays.

VIRGINIA VOGEL—Works hard, dances well, and gets her mail from Montana.

JACK HORTON—That curly headed boy who is practiced in the art of sleeping.

IRENE TOWLES—She's dependable and serves a mean tennis ball

GEORGE GRAHAM—A slick haired youth from Dexter who likes 'em about high school age.

ALICE GILLIG—She's sweet. Maybe that is why she has such a good time.

EDWIN MAIER—One of Danny Stark's G-men (G for goal) who plans to be a doctor.

JOE SWARTZ—His quiet smile is full of fun and some mischief too.

HERBERT HOLMAN—A tenor voice, curly hair and serious, studious attitude (this year).

DAVID PARSONS—A tall cheerful boy who is interested in Ramsey's magic.

GLEN BRYANT—He is a good student and is always busy.

DALLAS WILHELM—A swell fellow. His bark is worse than his bite.

LEO BROWN—He is awfully grown up with that mustache.

LUCILLE SHARPE—A chemistry shark, they say, and certainly a tennis player.

ALBERT LAMBERT—A tall lad who sings, reads, debates, and is interested in dramatics.

LOIS AKERS—The most sincere and interesting "A" student we've ever known.

MARGARET SEAL—A blond girl who likes home economics.

MARVIN LOUCK—A boy from Geuda who seems to like Junior College.

LOUIS ABERNATHY—The big-little athlete who has a marvelous sense of balance.

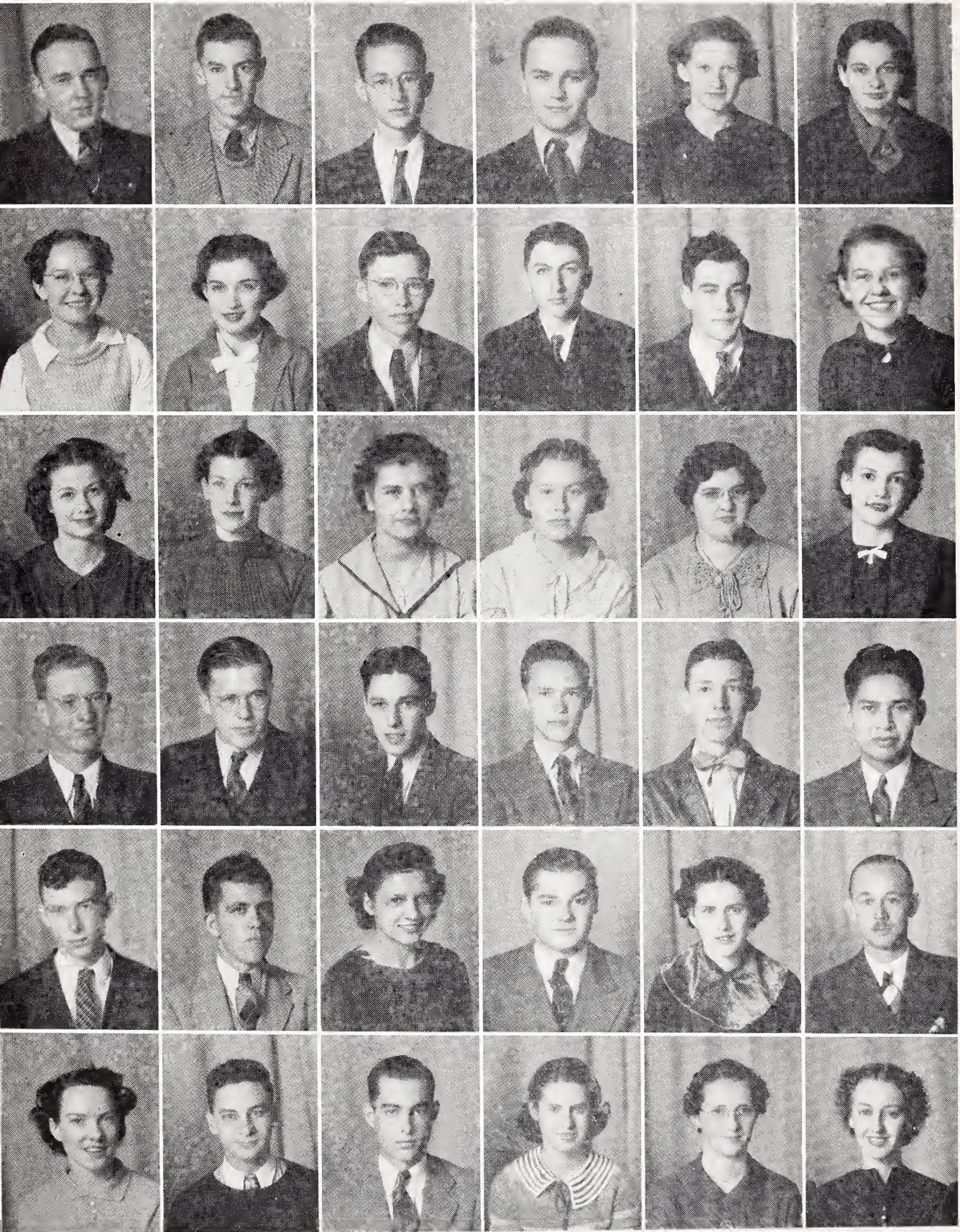
DOROTHY HEATHMAN—She's English. If you don't believe it, just tell her a joke.

EDITH RYMPH—Tall, blond, and always has a million things to do.

FRANK HENDERSON—Has a jolly round face and serious smile.

CLARENCE RAMBO—One of the two musketeers in second semester public speaking.

COLE DAILY—He has to have shorthand students translate his notes.



SOPHOMORES

As A Freshman Knows 'em

Theda Grant

JAMES GIBSON—A serious look in his eyes, and a steady desire to make a worth while scholastic record.

CHARLES ALLARD—He's slender and energetic and has a personality smile that is always popping out.

EUGENE ALFORD—A rising chemist, we believe, although he really isn't very tall.

EVERETT GARNER—This debater could talk himself out of anything and talk us into anything with his powers of oratory.

ESTHER WEEKLEY—Can there be mischievousness behind that friendly smile?

MARY JANE RALF—Has a friendly disposition and "catching" smile.

MILDRED LOCK—A perfect secretary if there ever was one.

VIRGINIA HOLMAN—So tiny, and yet so full of energy; she's into everything.

WORTH PAYTON—A sophomore officer and a gentleman. He's a whiz at any kind of math.

ROBERT RAMSEY—The quietness of his manner only deepens the mysteriousness of his art, for he is a magician of great ability.

VERNEDA KITTRELL—She's teaching the little ones how to read. Wish she were our teacher!

CAPTOLA SHELHAMER—A lovely Japanese maiden in the school opera and a pleasing personality around the school.

IRMA DICKEY—A slender, peppy girl who has good taste in clothes.

VEDA BURKS—Her low rich voice is always spreading charm and good cheer.

AVIS HANKINS—So quiet and yet so active and sure when she is playing basketball.

MADGE HILL—A tiny girl with a mischievous, turned-up nose and shiny black curls

DAVID HOLLAND—A peppy cheer leader who spends his spare (?) time at practice teaching.

EDWARD KELLEHER—He is an authority on several things, for he has read, on the average, two and three books a day for about six years, now.

TRACY OWEN—Tall, dark, and handsome, with a teasing humor.

CHARLES EATON—The sort of boy you'd like to know better; nice looking, amusing and sympathetic.

WILLIS PAYTON—Tall, alive, and stubborn, he makes an interesting student council president.

FRED SARGENT—A Chilocco student who works hard on both the Chilocco and Arkansas City Campuses.

DONALD DOHRER—Has a slow, drawling voice, intriguing eyes, and is one of those basketball bouncers.

LOGAN McCABE—Drives the school bus and sings in a deep bass voice.

LAUREDA GOFF—Her eyes which sparkle when she smiles must be one reason for her many friends.

EARLE BROWN—Attended school first semester and supported all school activities.

FREDRICA HUTTO—Gives readings with charm and makes herself generally pleasant around school.

PAUL WALKER—This seemingly serious-minded student seems to get a lot out of college.

MARY ELLEN CARYLE—She has charming Irish eyes and (sh-sh) some cute freckles.

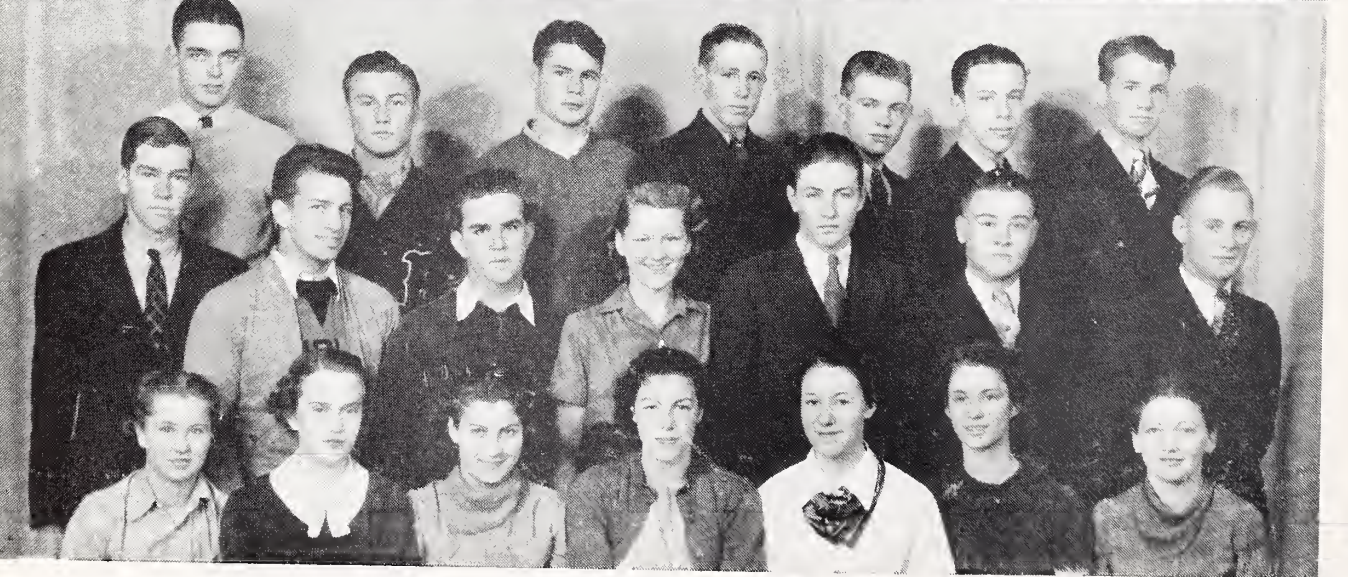
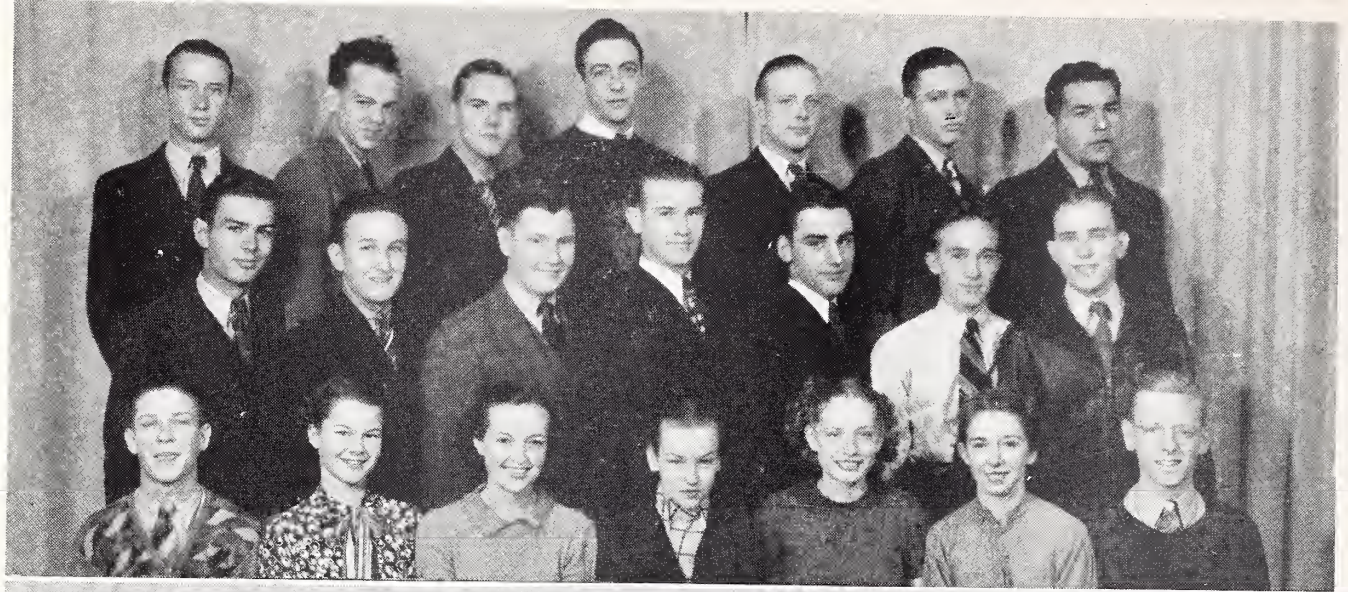
BOBBY CLARK—This school clown has been crowned Queen Alalah for the past three years at Arkalalah rehearsals.

DELBERT HIGBEE—Such a firm jaw must indicate ambition that will forge ahead.

ANNALEE STOUT—Like Napoleon—small, but oh, so mighty! full of joyous pranks.

CAROL SMITH—Another one of those would-be teachers who is determination and vigor.

EMILY JANE YOUNT—She works and plays with refreshing vigor.



FRESHMEN

They Have Pep

Twilah Seefeld

By far the largest of the two junior college classes is the freshman class. Its members come from most of the towns surrounding Arkansas City as well as from the Arkansas City High School. Its activities are, in consequence, many and varied.

Its officers have been unusually active in planning class events. They are the first, in fact, ever to plan a

freshman banquet.

Keith Curfman, president, was a leader in high school. Jack Hall, vice-president, has taken honors in debate. Their secretary, Marjory Hadley, worked in Girl Reserves. Kathryn Curfman has been active in dramatic presentations.

These officers have been the peppy leaders of a class of live-wires.

Giant cottonwoods spread their lengthening shadows over the rolling banks of the Kaw River, and the once shimmering blue grass was a solid mass of darkened jade. Only the vivid yellow streaks laid low by the fast cooling breezes were bright enough to catch the eye. The birds had ceased their tireless fluttering and the leaves had taken up their song, softly and soothingly. A great glow in the west proclaimed the rising of a full moon, the gurgling of the water along the banks gave way to the incessant rippling of the broad expectant expanse of the huge body of water—gentleness prevailed.

Keith Curfman

GROUP ONE

ROW ONE: Joseph Olinger, Leon Scott, Douglas More, Jack Stover, Loron Kelley, Jim Rogers, Robert Pappan.

ROW TWO: Eugene Scott, James Perry, Elwood Stallard, David Combrink, Jess Ruf, Jack Hall, Glen Montague.

ROW THREE: Lawrence Pipkin, Eva Lee Grey, Twilah Seefeld, Mary Evelyn Bly, Bette Brenz, Gwendolyn Grow, George Sisson.

GROUP TWO

ROW ONE: William Jack, Marvin Rupp, Raymond Wilcox, Jimmie Farrow, Robert Balsters, Lynn Miller, Jack Campbell

ROW TWO: Evelyn Broderson, John Quinn, Gilbert Hadley, David Benjamin, Robert Gillock, Norman Troxell, William Copeland

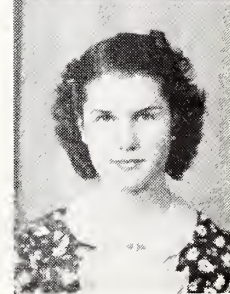
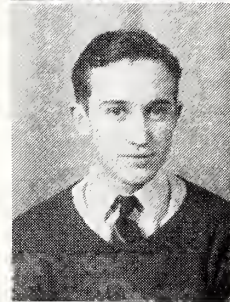
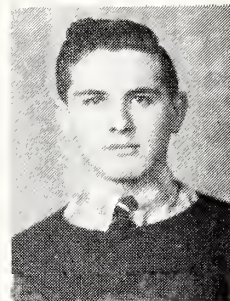
ROW THREE: Mary Noland, Esther Sissom, Dorothy Viele, Florence Ward, Elizabeth Lewis, Lois Laurent, Bertha Osborn

GROUP THREE

ROW ONE: Charles Darby, Danny Bottero, Joe Dennis, Edgar Smith, John Shea, Lester Neal

ROW TWO: Paul Marshall, Gene Brown, Riley Fisher, Hope Merritt, John Childs, Bruce Akers, Kenneth Boggs

ROW THREE: Winnie Hankins, Lola Mae Stocking, Margaret Russell, Virginia Amos, Audine White, Jean Fitch, Ruby Tunison





FRESHMEN

They Have Pep

Twilah Seefeld

The freshman class also boasts a large share of the junior college athletes, and is justly proud to claim among its members representatives from one of the most highly successful forensic teams in the history of the school. Some of the members of the singing ranks were chosen to fill important leads in the high-school-junior college opera, while others of its musical ranks help to make up the first junior college orchestra in years.

And as another feather in its cap, a large number of its members have achieved a high and enviable scholastic record thus far in their college cycle.

College broadens one's outlook on life as much by bringing new friends as by presenting new ideas. Members of the freshman class come from an interesting array of communities.

A number of our students come from the mining regions around Picher, Oklahoma, and Frontenac, Kansas, while others come from western communities such as Kiowa. Groups of students commute from nearby towns and rural communities such as Gueda Springs, Oxford, and Winfield, while others have taken up residence in Arkansas City. Our students from Chillicothe include two of our star football players.

GROUP ONE

ROW ONE: Max Vaughn, William Howard, Bill Stuart, Gilbert Brewer, Frank Banning, Joe Manatowa, Harold Mueller, Verne Stacy.

ROW TWO: Albert Clemente, Elsie Rawlings, Doris Richards, Dorothy Hines, Marguerite Stewart, Maxine Lauck, Robert Birgam.

GROUP TWO

ROW ONE: Vernon Aitson, H.E. Ford, Clifford Anderson, Sanford Alexander, Ralph Smith, William Spain, Clifton Bryan.

ROW TWO: Miles Harvey, Keith Curfman, Margaret Ogren, Mary Alice Ryan, Norman Boehner, Harold Magnus.

ROW THREE: Genevieve Ward, Mary Holman, Evelyn Kelly, Sara Hellyer, Evelynne Caine, Marjorie Hadley, Dorothy Peterson.

GROUP THREE

ROW ONE: Zellene Blair, Harold Stebbins, William Post, Lawrence Swaim, Lee Brantley, Kenneth Miller, Harry Randall.

ROW TWO: Marjorie Crill, Harold Holman, Robert Wilson, William Guthrie, William Shea, Glen Aupperle, Bob House.

ROW THREE: Marcelle Burnette, Pearl Blair, Marjory Leland, Kathryn Curfman, Bette Hamilton, Mary Henderson, Theda Grant.



ond row.

The Coach seems to be concentrating on something--might be football. That is Lester Neal on the other side of that big door. Willie Jack and his pal were snapped on a football trip. In the corner is a view of the Arkalalah festival. Dallas Wilhelm and Cole Dailey are often seen together as they are in this picture.

What's this-- a style show? Peggie and Bette

AROUND T H E CAMPUS

modeling the latest in shorts. Cute, don't you think-- or do you? Notice the football heroes on this page. Do you know Virginia Vogel? This picture of her certainly gives a novel view of Laureda Goff! William Guthrie, you had better stop leaning out of windows, it's really dangerous. They should have put the smiling Tracy Owen by James Gibson because they are always together.

During the regional games, Mr. Nolan's Botany class took a few minutes off to discuss the teams. Cambridge was playing Moline.

"Does anyone here happen to come from Cambridge?" asked the coach.

Ruby Tunison held up her hand, "I get my mail from there!" she said.



The boys who stay at Mrs. Lemert's boarding house have a habit of collecting posters. Frank Banning had a gorgeous six foot cocoa-cola brunette which he prized highly. He had her standing in a corner of the sitting room which he shared with eight other boys. One morning he was horrified to find the lady one foot shorter. She was lacking a bust—her shoulders being pinned to her waist. It's a secret, but Leon Jursche had been using her for a target in practicing the art of knife-slinging.



We all have those moments. Jack Campbell will probably remember the day in study hall when he had just torn out of a piece of paper six jolly paper dolls, skipping with glee. He was holding them up for general inspection when Mr. Galle walked into the room.



The very early years of my life are a jumble of shadowy incidents in my memory. For some reason most of these memories are of the evening hours. I remember sitting on the south porch of my home in the country. As dusk deepened into night I could hear the tingling call of a Whip-poor-will somewhere in the distant timber. Nearby, friendly cicada sang in chorus. I had a natural fear of the dark, wooded hills and ravines. On the porch I was safe with my parents, but out in the great darkness were strange animals and goblins.

The days were a stream of new discoveries for me, romping through the woods with the neighboring children, or burrowing in the hay-loft, or sliding down a straw stack. More than anything else, I liked to ride the horses and usually I would ride from the gate to the barn while the farm hand or my father led the horse. One evening the daughter of the hired hand and I were placed on the horse at the gate. Being ready for a thrill I gleefully kicked Phoenix in the side. He started for the barn at a gallop with a crying girl and a laughing boy on his back. Fortunately the horse had more sense than the boy, and stopping before entering the barn, saved us from being knocked off.

—Harold Magnus

What They

Ruby Beebe usually starts the day off right with a laugh over the funny excuses for tardies she receives. One morning a serious freshman came in with a sad tale of how he had started to school in plenty of time. But before he reached the car door, his little sister slipped and fell in the mud. The poor guy had to wait while she made a complete change.



I was given the French name of "Marcelle" by my Grandmother Kelly.

My mother is half French and half Irish. She has always, ever since I can remember, been the same gentle, kind, lovable woman that she is today. Her pleasant disposition has made her everyone's friend. But the years of hard labor on the ranch and the care of her large family have begun to bend the slender shoulders, and her soft brown tresses have begun to streak with gray. But the blue eyes have never lost their smile. They are almost as clear as they were the day when she married my father when she was sweet sixteen.

My father is a hereditary chief of pure Indian royalty. He is one of the last great warriors of his tribe, not the kind that wears war paint and eagle feathers, but the kind that holds an important position among his tribal brothers. He is of the great northern tribe, Pottowatomi.



Miss Sleeth once asked her English Literature class if they knew about "Pilgrim's Progress." One of those strained silences resulted when no one held up his hand.

Then Glenn Montague, who always has an answer of some kind, volunteered. "It was a book about the struggles the Pilgrims had when they came to America."

Told Me

Some people attract all kinds of things. One day in Algebra, a pussy-cat got interested in Ben Riffle who was sitting in an open window. The inquisitive kitty poked her head in the window, and Ben politely poked it back. But the pussy persisted and didn't take the hint after three or four pushes. So Ben pushed the kitty out again and pulled the window down amid general confusion and laughter only to find that the stubborn cat had stuck her head in again, and was caught by the neck between the sill and the window.



Family worship in our home followed the same plan, morning and evening. First came a song from the metrical version of the Psalms, then a chapter from the Bible, after which we all knelt in prayer. We often sang the song book through on Sabbath afternoons. As a result, before I could read, I knew the words of many of the songs of the church service.

One song I especially loved. I always chose it at our songfests. When the superintendent of the Sabbath School announced this song, I would sing heartily as unto the Lord, "Bow at the Door." It did not enter my head that anything was wrong until one day my sister Etta whispered to me, "Don't sing too loud." After that, by careful attention, I discovered that the song is, "In Beauty of Holiness, Bow and Adore."

—Emma Gotschall



They tell the best one on Angie Bennet. When they were introducing Coach Nolan to the Jucos last year, they added a few extra details to his past record, just to make a more interesting speech. When they announced that he had played on the football team at Sing Sing, Angie opened her eyes wide and asked the girl next to her, "Isn't Sing Sing in China?"

Did you notice how sleepy Lawrence "Crooner" Swaim was all first semester? That's not the half of it. At the house where he stayed, the boys had a set of rules. Anyone who broke them was made to donate a nickel to the "charity" fund. He had particular trouble with the rule forbidding any noise or disturbance after nine-thirty. His house-mates who were used to hearing him crawl into bed in the early morning hours, cooked up a plot against him. They piled tin pans in front of his door and collected their nickel at about two a.m. every night for a long time. It is said that he finally took to dressing in the kitchen.



Norco is the small community in which the employees of an oil company live. The houses, all facing the river, are built into rows. The drug store, grocery store and post office were not in what was the precinct of Norco, but were on the other side of the fence which surrounds the community. The houses on the front row have a wide swath of green grass separating them from the highway, then is the levee and the old Mississippi. One part of the green is shadowed and cooled by the gnarled, majestic and lovely magnolia trees whose blossoms have always been my favorites. One afternoon I worked with a pole trying to knock a bud down in order to put it in water so it would open. When a man succeeded in getting it down for me, a girl friend of mine caught it and refused to give it to me. I never cared much for her after that.

The people in Norco are a happy and congenial group of southerners. They all work for the same company; they have their own social clubs, and a main club house where dances are given at regular intervals. There is the usual amount of gossip and disagreement among them, but no serious trouble arises from it.

—Lois Laurent



There are a hundred and one ways to evade a good night kiss, and every smart co-ed knows several of them. But one Jucette put the collegiate slant on her evasion. One evening as she stood at the front door with Mott Stuchlick, she had to think hard and fast. He kept asking her WHY she wouldn't give him that good-night kiss. Now she has never been in an Ethics classroom, but the word "Ethics" just popped into her head and she blurted out, "It's just a little matter of Ethics!"

Since that night she is rated the Juco authority on the subject.

Clifford Anderson
 Chester Wofford
 Cole Dailey
 Danny Bottero
 Harold Meuller
 Leon Jursche
 Melvin Long
 (Co-Captain elect)
 Mott Stuchlik
 Aldo Orin
 Orvale Davis

GOAL-POSTERS

Vernon Aitson
 (Co-Captain elect)
 Joe Manatowa
 Truel Shaffer
 Coach Dick Nolan
 Bill Shumps
 Robert Hodge
 Gene Brown
 Captain Dale Hines
 Carl Gruber
 Bob Pappan



The season opened with only two regulars and four reserves returning. The prospects were not of too great promise, but coach "Dick" Nolan had twenty-five freshmen to work with all eager to earn a place on the team, and who were hard workers. The first two weeks were spent on fundamentals and team play. A fairly well grounded team went to Sterling.

The Nolanmen took the opening kick off against Sterling and drove sixty-five yards on a spinner and off tackle plays mixed with laterals to the 4 yard line where Aitson went over. Aitson's kick was good for a 7-0 lead. Late in the fourth quarter Bottero intercepted a pass and dashed fifty yards for a touchdown making the final score 13-0. Maratawa, Long, and Hines played well for the Tigers.

The next week the Tigers went to Independence to meet the state champs. An early Tiger fumble which the Pirates recovered on the A. C. ten yard line, was converted into a 6-0 lead for the Pirates. In the third quarter, Pappan lateralled to Bottero for a touchdown which was called back and aided the Pirates to win 6-0.

The next week found the Nolanmen at ElDorado where they won a 13-6 victory. Pappan and Aitson were outstanding in the backfield with Long and Hines and Orin on the line.

The Tigers first home game was with the powerful Coffeyville Red Ravens. In a sea of mud the Tigers blocked a punt for a touchdown only to have it called back for offsidess. The big game ended 0-0. Aitson's punting and Hodge's running were highlights in the backfield with Shaffer, Long, and Mueller doing good work in the line.

Parsons was host to the Nolanmen in the next battle. In this game the blocking was splendid and Aitson ran 100 yards and 67 yards for touchdowns. Aitson capped these runs with a double reverse gallop of 20 yards to score his third tally. The game ended 20-13 in favor of the Tigers. Long, Jersche, and Shumpes played splendid ball for the Tigers line and Manatawa in the backfield.

The second home engagement found the Hutchinson Blue Dragons as guests. An early Dragon fumble paved the way for a Tiger talley by Manatawa which was proved the margin of victory Davis, Long and Shaffer played fine ball for the Tigers.

Tonkawa proved too tough for the Tigers and after twisting the tigers by the tail, sent them home north with an 18-0 defeat. Shaffer played his best game for the Tigers.

The high geared Fort Scott crew battled the Tigers all over the field to a 7-7 deadlock. In this game the seven line men played the part of Iron men and battled 60 minutes in the line. Anderson proved his ability with a 70 yard run for a touchdown. Manatawa came through and made the Tigers extra tally. Shumpes and Long were outstanding.

Dodge City found the long trip to A. C. very hard and were stopped 51-0. Manatawa, Banning, Long, and Hines played good ball.

The final game was at Iola where the Tigers minus the services of five regulars were beaten 12-0. Stuchlik, Brown, Mueller, and Orin were outstanding. The 1937 season found Coach Nolan's team enjoying the most successful season in a decade at Tiger-ville.

Several men proved their ability during the season. Among them were three all-state men: Dale Hines, center; Melvin Long, guard; and Vernon Aitson, End, and Truell Shaffer, end made the all-state second team. Other outstanding players were Orin, Shumpes, Dailey, Wofford, Gruber, Jersche, Manatawa, Pappan, Davis, and Hodges.

Prospects for the coming year are not too bright since the Tigers lose most of the line including Dale Hines, All-state center for two years. Aldo Orin, at guard, and Dailey, guard, Shumpes and Travers, tackles. Long and Aitson are the coming year's co-captains.

SEASON'S RECORD:

| | | |
|----------|-------|--------------|
| Ark City | 13-0 | Sterling |
| Ark City | 0-6 | Independence |
| Ark City | 13-6 | ElDorado |
| Ark City | 0-0 | Coffeyville |
| Ark City | 20-13 | Parsons |
| Ark City | 6-0 | Hutchinson |
| Ark City | 0-18 | Tonkawa |
| Ark City | 7-7 | Fort Scott |
| Ark City | 51-0 | Dodge City |
| Ark City | 0-12 | Iola |

*Our
Team
Fights!*

Shooting Those Baskets

In keeping with Stark's coaching record, the Tiger Cagemen finished "in the money" again this year. With a .500 league average, the Tigers carted off third, being beaten only by the crack Hutchinson and El Dorado aggregations. A strange set up existed in the league this year. The Hutchinson team, which bowed to the Tigers twice, was able to trounce El Dorado as many times, but Ark City couldn't eke out a single victory from El Dorado.

Juco cage history and the history of "Danny" Stark are almost the same. The college was founded in '22, during which season Mr. Chaplin, wood-working instructor in the Junior High School, jockeyed the cagesters through a series of catch-as-catch-can encounters. Coming here in '23, fresh from a berth on the Missouri University squad, Stark took over the coaching job and has been here ever since. During this fifteen years, Stark has produced two State and several League championship quintets.

The winning of the sixteen total games played this season sustained Stark's average of over 60% of the total games played in fifteen years. This is a record to be proud of, for many times a coach fails to produce after only a few seasons. This may be attributed to Stark's razzle-dazzle type of game, which lets the men develop naturally.

Dchrer, at forward position, was high scorer with 8.06 point average, but his was also the highest average in personal fouls, which kept him out of some games in which his assistance was much needed.

Jack, the most promising prospect for next year, was second with a 6.35 point average. Aitson showed promise when he started the season, but he played only two games, his 6-point average means nothing unless he comes back next year and stays with it. Pipkin, another good starter, also quit before the season was over, but not before he made an average of 3.57 points to place fifth high as individual scorer.

Shumpes, Benjamin, and Wilson were next in the scoring race with 5.25, 4.53, and 3.73 points respectively.

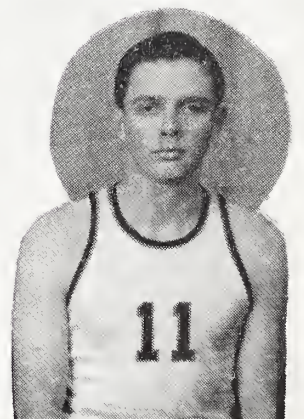
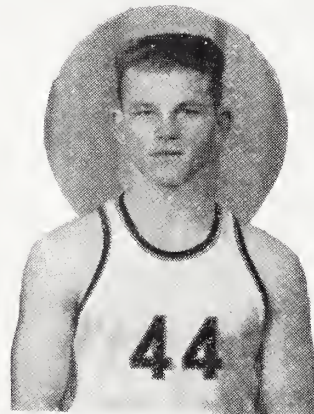
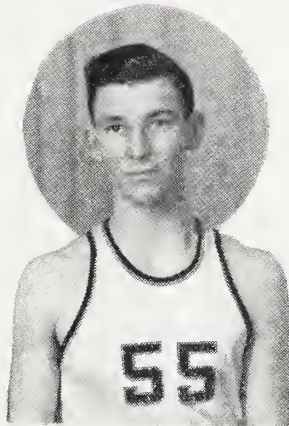
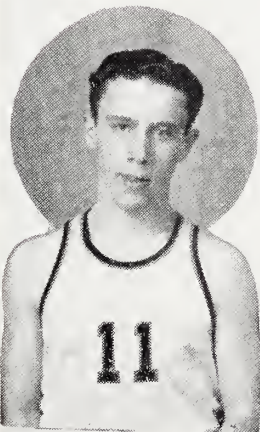
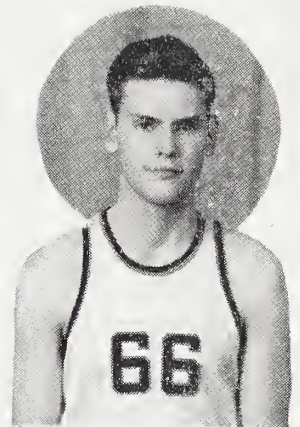
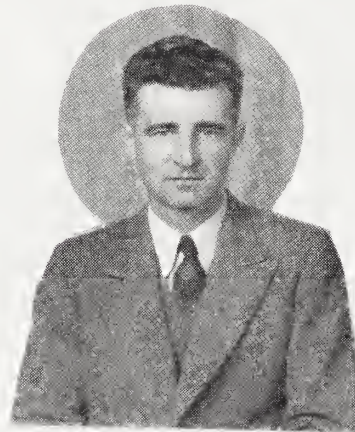
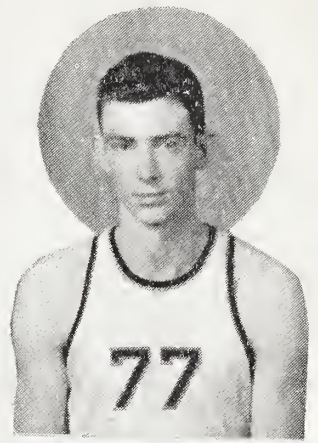
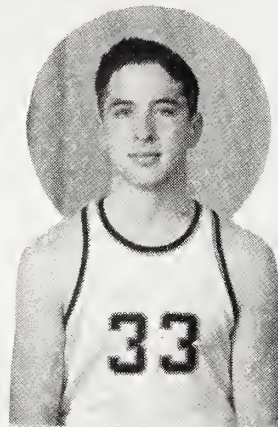
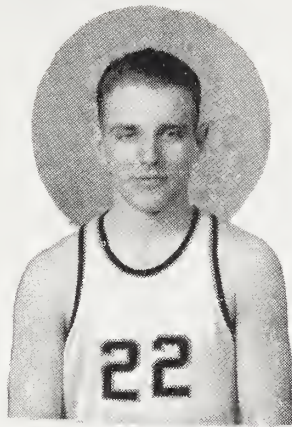
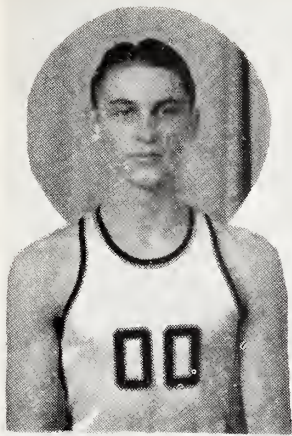
Dohrer landed a berth on the league's first team, while both Jack and Benjamin placed on the second team. Shumpes, Wilson and Gruber all received honorable mention.

In the middle of the season the team hit a temporary slump, and all team members resolved not to shave until they won a game. Stark grew a mustache. The boys evidently didn't like this very well, for they won their next encounter, a week later.

The outlook for next year seems very bright when one considers that three of the first five are to be back. The most promising men from the "subs" are Shea and Rogers in forward position, who averaged 9.20 and 6.5 points respectively in the second-team games of the season. Swaim, giant center, and Alexander, equally large brother of the highest individual scorer in the league two years ago, will compete for center position.

Of course we can not tell whether there will be some high school stars in the coming freshman class, but with such veteran basketeers as Jack, Wilson, and Benjamin, supported by such experienced players as Rogers, Shea, Swaim, Alexander, Combrink, House, and Clark, it seems to be a sure thing to predict that Stark's excellent fifteen-year record will not be marred next year.





Last Load

Sitting high up in the rustling wheat-sheaves, I looked about my bundle-wagon at the stripped fields. "Tch! tch! giddup!" I said to my mares, then realizing that this was my last day in the harvest fields—perhaps forever—that this was the last load I should haul, I let them plod as slowly as they wished. Dusk was slowly sifting from the cold, blue ridges far in the west. I determined to hoard this last scene, these last impressions for the enrichment of some distant time when I should remember these days of contact with a more natural life. Somehow I admired those rustic men who were artists with pitchfork and team as I thought of their hearty humor, their rough comradeship, their stoic philosophies.

Yonder at the thresher I could see tall, jovial Luke and some young farmer who had just joined our crew. Their bodies swayed in rhythm as the bundles, caught on their fork-tines, arched into the separator. Far behind my wagon I saw old John and "Shorty" chatting as they leaned on their fork handles. (Old John had taught me how to harness, pitch, and drive). Now they were waiting for the last empty wagon. Two more wagons followed me at a distance. Loaded high and swaying threateningly, they crawled in the twin ruts—looked like artistic miniatures from where I sat. As I turned the fence corner and saw their sides, I thought they appeared to be loaded with soggy shredded-wheat, packed heavily into their racks. As I drew nearer the thresher, I bethought me kindly of those patient horses who pulled resignedly at their traces. I had worked for days on the cultivator with only their sagacious companionship. They had worked hard for their daily oats.

Now the sun looked like a giant moonstone, soaked with pure blood and illumined from within, settling into a torn, inflamed sky. The horizon was almost white, fading upward into the darker blue, etched keenly by the blackening ridges. Pale mist was seeping in the distant contours. A farewell glance at the scenery as I smelled the chaff.

—Miles Harvey

There was plenty of work to do on the farm. I could not do much when I was six, but I watched my father go about his work of feeding the live stock and getting the soil ready for the wheat crop, hoping some day that I might be able to share in his hard labor which seemed never to end. My main task was gathering eggs which I usually broke while I was carrying them from the poultry house to the kitchen. The work on the farm for my mother was as much a drudgery as my father's work was in the boiling heat of the summer sun.

—Lester Neal

From Junior

Morning Frost

*I know God painted the world last night,
Each leaf and tiny limb,
And corn stalks standing up so straight
Pay tribute real to him.*

*He used no color to paint his scene—
All was purest white.
It took evil quite away,
And left a radiant light.*

*Sunflower seeds in rusty balls,
Hung on long, coarse stems,
And the lace on the fragile foxtail
Was full of the rarest gems!*

*White tinsel was wound on each wire fence,
Worked in perfect squares,
And all the flowers left outside
Bowed their head in prayers.*

*Some artists use their vivid colors,
And leave me deaf or blind,
But God can take just pure, clean white,
And give me peace of mind.*

—Lola Mae Stocking

*Fleeting, silver truth touched earth,
Illumined it for one bright moment;
Its lucent light burned clean
And flashed with sudden promise.
Illusively it lighted worlds,
Gave fortaste yet of beauty
Waiting in our westering years,
Promised sunsets rich with bounty.*

—Douglas More

College Pens

Philosophy for Living

On one of those first gorgeous autumn days that give a feeling of crispness and a hint of frost "Mommy" sat on her porch, her hands idly folded in her lap. French born, her skin has the swarthinness of the Latin people and her wrists and ankles clearly show the peasant strain. Although she has passed her seventieth birthday only thin ribbons of grey are in her luxuriously coiled black hair. Her face is furrowed in a mold that bespeaks a life that has known hardship and frequent sorrow. Yet as I approach her, there is a lighting up of eyes and a humorous quirk to her usually mobile mouth that tells me she is glad of my presence. Perhaps that is why I find this woman, whom I call "Mommy" so interesting. Her welcoming smile enfolds me like a cloak and her friendliness anoints me like a sweet scented oil.

Our conversation, trivial at first, soon dips into the past. My reward for being a patient and interested listener are stories, she relates, so rich with stark drama and reality that the shadowy characters become real in my mind's eye. Mommy as a child-bride, innocent and ignorant of life. A year later, the mother of a baby girl. A quick succession of babies until there were seven of them added to her household. The deep and lasting loss of one of her children. A husband who has taken to drink and no longer feels his responsibilities. A houseful of boarders to feed in an effort to make a living for the large family. Cries for help from friends and neighbors in time of sickness. Calmly laying out the dead in preparation for burial. Sharp spansks for the lusty new born babes and reassuring pats for the wan and and fatigued mothers. Sponge baths for tiny fever-racked bodies.

Slowly, she reviews all these things to me as if living and savoring them again. Where could this fortitude and courage come from, ask I? Frail human mind could not have born such a burden. My answer comes, when Mommy looks far into the east with eyes that see things that I cannot see and says without bitterness, "The way of the Lord is good!" Such conviction and sincerity in this simple faith rings in her voice, I am humbled in her presence and feel unworthy even to touch the hem of her dress.

Alida Armstrong

Sonnet to Friendship

When bursts of fury springing up within,
Impell a fretful fit of dark despair;
When signs of scorn or sneers are brought to bear
Upon some action of our fellowmen;--
How futile are man's struggles! Left to chance
His life, his light, his joy, his faith, his hope
All count for naught and he is left to grope
Amid the teeming tides of circumstance.
Then, thanks to God, friends hearts are still alive
The magic oil of friendship's peaceful psalm
On roughest ragings that can ever rive
Our foolish souls, will work a tranquil calm
Upon our surging hearts, and sweet relief
Proves Love triumphant over every grief.

-- Everett Garner

And Life Begins

The long pathway's windings fail my memory--
A blaze here, a twig snapped there remain--
All its twisting weariness is lost to me;
Ahead is a hilltop yet to gain!

--Douglas More

Did you ever try to keep up with Albert Lambert and Sara Stanley telling jokes? The hostesses for the dinner club meetings usually try to put Miss Stanley and Lambert at opposite ends of the table, for if they were put together there's no telling who would win the verbal race and certainly it would be bad to have a feud within the club.

The club meets around the dinner table once a month and there puts to practice the principles of social speaking they study in class—the members of the Dinner Club are in the public speaking class.

These speakers are busy people. Besides eating they work up several plays during the year, sponsor at least one chapel program, and sponsor the Misner Players, who bring Shakespeare to students.

One of the most interesting meetings of this club year was a Christmas dinner eaten in room six. Miss Pauline B. Sleeth, sponsor, had decorated the room with candles and a Christmas tree. In the flickering light the group told of their favorite Christmas memory, Yuletide stories, and exchanged gifts.

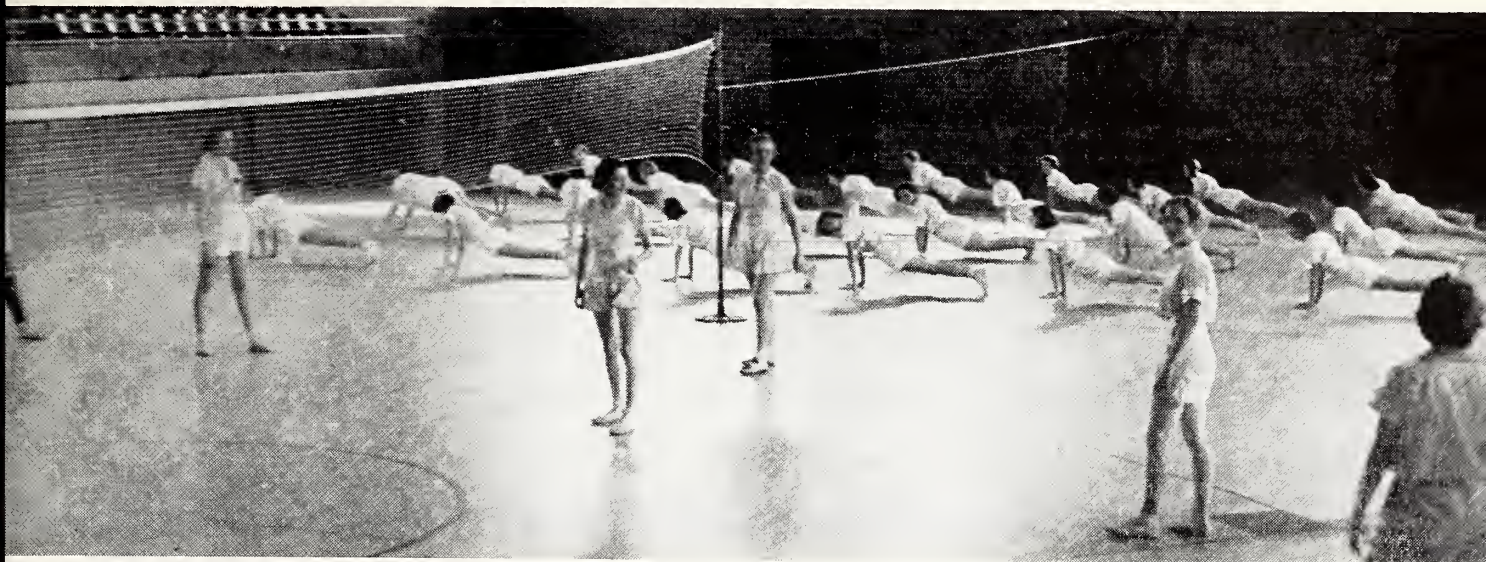
Virginia Holman was president of the group for the year 1938. Fredrica Hutto was vice-president, Captola Shelhamer, secretary, Veda Burks, treasurer and Albert Lambert general handy-man.

They Speak and Eat

One of the outstanding projects of the year was the presentation of choral readings. This is the third year Miss Sleeth has coached her class in this art, and it seems to grow on those who study it. Choral reading was started in England several years ago by a woman who wished to give poetry back to the common people. Poetry was meant to be read aloud but we have gotten into the habit of always reading it silently. In a choral reading the variety of tone color in pitch creates an unusual and interesting effect.

Members of the class are Doris Easterly, Verneda Kittrell, Esther Weekley, Ogla Bays, Merna Wright, Ruby Counts, Sara Stanley, Albert Lambert, David Holland, Clarence Rambo, Dorothy Heathman, Mary Jane Ralf, Edith Rymph, Captola Shelhamer, and Virginia Holman.





Working Hard At Play

"Dress right!"

"Front!" Roll is called, then—

"Right face, forward march!" A group of comely, whiteclad girls march around the room two or three times.

"Down the center in fours—Left, Right, Left, Right—First four mark time—Left, Right Left, Right, Halt! One Two!

After about twenty minutes of strenuous—Oh you don't think they're strenuous? All right, you try this. Bend your knees, place your hands flat on the floor in front of your feet, and then straighten your knees. As I was saying, after the strenuous exercise (I knew you'd agree) comes—

"Forward march! Left, Right, Left, Right! To the rear, March! Left, Right, Left, Right! Fours quarter wheel right; march! One, Two, Three, Four! Left, Right, Left, Right!" — until the words—

"Fall in!" are heard. "Captains forward!" is the signal for the mad scramble to get started playing basketball. Almost no sooner are they started than the "fifteen 'till three" bell rings. Again comes the familiar "Fall in!"

After the group is once more stretched along the length of the floor—

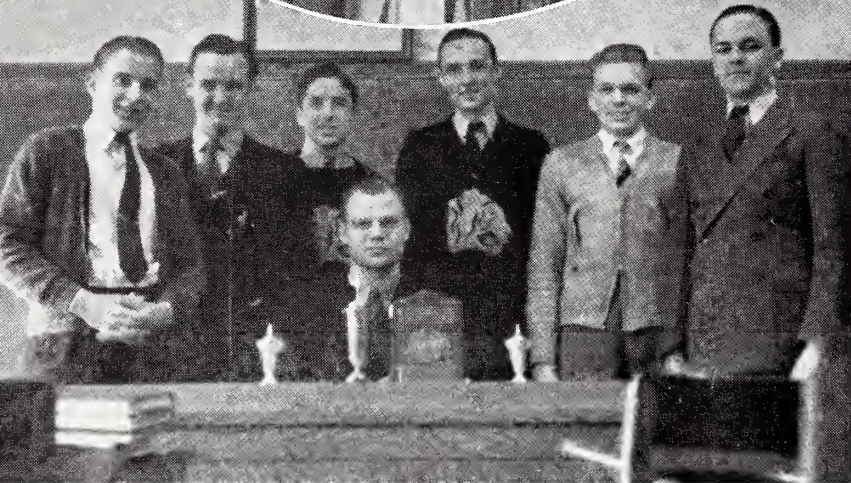
"Right face! Forward march! Run around the room!"—and they run! Those who can't take it drop out of line until—

"Excused!" Then and only then, do they show speed. Under the showers cry upon cry is heard, "Turn on the warm water!" Those who brave the cold water come out shaking and shivering.

Amid the off-tune singing and shrill gossiping, some-one yells, "What time is it?" "Almost three!" A hurried dash of powder, a quick job of running a comb through the hair, a dab of lipstick, and out they go to make a mad dash across the street to class.

Honestly, this isn't a glimpse of the inside of the state prison for wayward girls, but an average hour of classwork in one of the juco girls' gym classes.

AROUND



Pictured on this page are several organizations representing the extra-curricular activities of junior college.

The first group of officers are from the Y. W. C. A., which met on Mondays in the college club rooms. This year the group studied Personality and the Chinese Question. They are Carol Smith, president; Virginia Holman, program chairman; Captola Shelhammer, music chairman; Doris Easterly, publicity chairman; Mary Jane Ralf, treasurer; Emily Jane Yount, secretary; Mary Alice Ryan, first vice-president; and Mary Holman, second vice-president.

§

Inset is a snapshot of some members of the French Club. This organization met twice a month on Monday evenings to speak French and improve their knowledge of the French nation and people. Donald Dohrer was president, Dorothy Helen Heathman, vice-president and program chairman; and Lois Akers, secretary.

§

The debate team posed with their trophies. Besides winning honors in all the tournaments they attended, they won the state championship at Independence. Pictured are Glenn Montague, Douglas More, Bob Wilson, Albert Lambert,

THE HALLS AND CLASSROOMS

Charles Miller, Everett Garner and seated Merle Snyder, sponsor.

§

Officers of the Y.M.C.A. are pictured next. They are Harold Harris, secretary; Edwin Maier, president; Albert Lambert, vice president; Willis Payton, publicity chairman; Bob Wilson, student council representative; Merle Snyder, sponsor, and Bruce Akers.

§

Inset are three members of the chapel program committee. This committee plans the programs and is responsible for seeing that they are carried out. Members are appointed by the student council. Shown here are Dorothy Heathman, chairman, Captola Shelhammer, and second vice-president.

§

In this picture at the bottom of the page is the social committee. This group planned socials and special events. They were responsible for the Halloween masquerade party, and the overall and apron party. One of their major tasks for the year was the planning of the party the junior college gives the high school seniors, The Tigerama. Pictured here are Evelyn Broderon, Doris Easterly, chairman, George Sisson, David Holland, and Sara Hellyer Bard.

Pep Club

On the cover is pictured the pep club. This year the club ordered quite a bit of new material and made new and stricter rules concerning attendance at regular meetings and games. Besides supporting the team by cheering, the club sponsors a concession stand at football and basketball games.

Two freshmen, Miss Eva Lea Grey and John Shea, and a sophomore, David Holland, led the cheering at sports events. Robert Wilson was president of this years organization and Freda Hutto was secretary. Lois Akers acted as chairman of the concession committee.

As a large number of the pep club members are freshmen the group looks forward to an even more active year in 1938-39.

Tribute To School

"I shall never be able to thank her enough for the encouragement she gave and the time she spent to keep me from failing."

I entered Junior College in 1937 and I haven't regretted a moment of it.

I have always dreamed of being a great engineer, a civil engineer- one who builds bridges, dams, and does other construction jobs. I shall have to face many hard knocks, but I hope that some day my dream will be realized.

After all education is the foundation of success. I have taken great interest in my school mark-and I hope to be a success.

Music in the Air

Bob Birgam

The Junior College chorus worked some, sang a lot and earned a worthy place in juco activities this year. The group formed the nucleus of the Messiah chorus which sang in December.

Several members of the group took leading roles in the 'Mikado' the operetta presented by the high school and college music departments in March. Captola Shelhamer and Margaret Seal made lovely Japanese maidens. Laurence "Crooner" Swaim was in his element as a wandering minstrel. William Post, as the pompous "Mikado" revealed a fine baritone voice. Albert Lambert and Logan McCabe furnished much comedy as small town officials. Evelyn Caine as the unattractive unwanted maiden of "ripe" age added a mixture of mirth and sympathy to the show.

The Junior College boys quartet was a busy organization this year. They were in constant demand. It is said that they preferred, however, to take banquet engagements! Laurence Swaim sang first tenor, Albert Lambert, second tenor, Craig Howes, baritone, and Wayne Thomas, bass, William Guthrie accompanied them.

In the spring the chorus sang at the piano festival, in the Easter Chapel and for the Tigerama, the junior college party given for the seniors.



Tiger Tracks . . .



